**I am a soldier. I can touch the vulgar blood dripping down the disrupted disembowelled battlefield. I can hear merciless cries from daring souls leaving our trenches to enter the dreaded no man’s land. I can smell the ghastly smoke blanketing the torn battlefield. I can see hopeful poppies drifting in the raging, cold wind as it whips through the battlefield. I can taste the bitter tang of regret as I look at all my fallen comrades.**

**SEB**